Numb. 10.

THE South-Carolina Gazette.

Containing the freſheſt Advices Foreign and Domeſtick.

From Saturday, *March* 4. to Saturday, *March* 11, 1731-2.

Si Species Recti vobis tam pulchra videtur,
Quam (certo) Virtus pulchrior ipſa foret.

WE have been in Hopes that our Correſpondent, who obliged us lately with his Thoughts on Slander and Defamation, wou'd ere now have been as good as his Word; and have let us heard from him again, on thoſe oppoſite Virtues, *Charity* and *Truth*. But ſince he is hitherto ſilent, we take leave to remind him of his Promiſe, by giving him and the reſt of our Readers, in the mean time, ſome uſeful Hints from great Authority, on thoſe Subjects, which are as follow.

TRUTH and *Reality* have all the Advantages of Appearance, and many more. If the *Shew* of any thing be good, ſure *Sincerity* is better: For why does any Man diſſemble, or ſeem to be that which he is not, but becauſe he thinks it good to have ſuch a Quality as he pretends to? For to counterfeit and diſſemble, is to put on the *Appearance* of ſome real Excellency. Now the beſt way in the World for a Man to ſeem to be any thing, is really to be what he would ſeem to be. Beſides that, it is many times as troubleſome to make good the *Pretence* of a good Quality, as to have it; and if a Man have it not, it is ten to one but he is diſcover'd to want it, and then all his Pains and Labour to *ſeem* to have it is loſt. There is ſomething unnatural in Painting, which a skilful Eye will eaſily diſcern from native Beauty and Complexion.

It is hard to perſonate and act a Part long; for where Truth is not at the Bottom, Nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will peep out and betray herſelf one time or other. Therefore if any Man think it convenient to *ſeem* good, let him *be* ſo *indeed*, and then his Goodneſs will appear to every Body's Satisfaction; ſo that, upon all Accounts, *Sincerity* is true *Wiſdom*. Particularly as to the Affairs of this World, *Integrity* hath many Advantages over all the fine and artificial Ways of *Diſſimulation* and *Deceit*; it is much the plainer and eaſier, much the ſafer and more ſecure Way of dealing in the World; it has leſs of Trouble and Difficulty, of Entanglement and Perplexity, of Danger and Hazard in it; it is the ſhorteſt and neareſt Way to our End, carrying us thither in a ſtreight Line, and will hold out, and laſt longeſt. The Arts of Deceit and Cunning do continually grow weaker, and leſs effectual and ſerviceable to them that uſe them; whereas *Integrity* gains Strength by uſe, and the more and longer any Man practiſeth it, the greater Service it does him, by confirming his Reputation, and encouraging thoſe, with whom he has to do, to repoſe the greateſt Truſt and Confidence in him, which is an unſpeakable Advantage in the Buſineſs and Affairs of Life.

TRUTH is always conſiſtent with itſelf, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at Hand, and ſits upon our Lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a *Lie* is troubleſome, and ſets a Man's Invention upon the Rack, and one Trick needs a great many more to make it good. It is like building upon a falſe Foundation, which continually ſtands in need of Props to Shore it up, and proves at laſt more chargeable, than to have raiſed a ſubſtantial Building at firſt upon a true and ſolid Foundation; for *Sincerity* is firm and ſubſtantial, and there is nothing hollow and unſound in it, and becauſe it is plain and open, fears no Diſcovery, of which the crafty Man is always in Danger, and when he thinks he walks in the Dark, all his Pre-

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tences are ſo tranſparent, that he that runs, may read them; he is the laſt Man that finds himſelf to be found out, and whilſt he takes it for granted, that he makes Fools of others, he renders himſelf the moſt ridiculous.

Add to all this, that *Sincerity* is the moſt compendious Wiſdom, and an excellent Inſtrument for the ſpeedy Diſpatch of Buſineſs, it creats Confidence in thoſe we have to deal with, ſaves the Labour of many Enquiries, and brings things to an Iſſue in few Words: It is like travelling in a plain beaten Road, which commonly brings a Man ſooner to his Journey's End, than By-ways, in which Men often loſe themſelves. In a Word, whatever *Convenience* may be thought to be in *Falſhood* and *Diſſimulation*, it is ſoon over; but the *Inconvenience* of it is perpetual, becauſe it brings a Man under an everlaſting Jealouſy and Suſpicion, ſo that he is not believed when he ſpeaks *Truth*, nor truſted when perhaps he means honeſtly: When a Man has once forfeited the Reputation of his *Integrity*, he is let faſt, and nothing will then ſerve his Turn, neither *Truth* nor *Falſhood*.

And it has been thought, that God hath in his great Wiſdom hid from Men of falſe and diſhoneſt Minds, the wonderful Advantages of *Truth* and *Integrity*, to the Proſperity even of our worldly Affairs; theſe Men are ſo blinded by their Covetuouſneſs and Ambition, that they cannot look beyond a preſent Advantage, nor forbear to ſeize upon it, tho' by Ways never ſo indirect, they cannot ſee ſo far, as to the remote Conſequences of a ſteady *Integrity*, and the vaſt Benefit and Advantages which it will bring a Man at laſt. Were but this Sort of Men wiſe and clear-ſighted enough to diſcern this, they would be honeſt out of very *Knavery*, not out of any Love to *Honeſty* or *Virtue*, but with a craſty Deſign to promote and Advance more effectually their own *Intereſts*; and therefore the Juſtice of the Divine Providence hath hid this *trueſt Point* of Wiſdom from their Eyes, that *bad* Men might not be upon equal Terms with the *Juſt* and *Upright*, and ſerve their own wicked Deſigns by honeſt and lawful Means.

Indeed if a Man were only to deal in the World for a Day, and ſhould never have occaſion to converſe more with Mankind, never more need their good Opinion or good Word, it were then no great Matter (ſpeaking as to the Concernments of this World) if a Man ſpent his Reputation all at once, and ventured it all at one Throw: But if he be to continue in the World, and would have the Advantage of Converſation while he is in it, let him make uſe of *Truth* and *Sincerity* in all his Words and Actions; for no thing but this will laſt and hold out to the End; all other Arts will fail, but *Truth* and *Integrity* will carry a Man thro', and bear him out to the laſt.

Thus far, our *Author*, upon *Truth*. The other *Virtue* mentioned by our *Correſpondent* is *Charity*. Concerning which, we ſhall at preſent give our Readers a Sort of poetical Verſion of Part of the 13th Chapter of St. *Paul's* 1ſt Epiſtle to the *Corinthians*. Which we have taken the Liberty to put into this *Diſguiſe*, for the ſame reaſon that the Phyſician gilds his Pill, that his ill judging Patients may the more eaſily take it. As for the more *diſcerning* part of our *Readers*, we hope, for *that Reaſon*, they will excuſe us, and look on it themſelves only as a Hint, to refer to the *Original*.

THO' heav'nly Muſick dwelt upon my Tongue,
And ev'ry Accent charm'd the liſtning Throng,
Yet all its Melody would not ſurpaſs
The tinkling Cymbal, or the ſounding Braſs,
If *Charity* forbore to tune the Song.
To *Her* the Pow'rs of Harmony belong.
Tho' ev'n with Prophecy my Soul were fill'd,
And in all Myſteries and Knowledge ſkill'd;
Tho' ſuch my Faith, ſo influ'nc'd from above,
That I cou'd Mountains by its Force remove;
Yet thoſe are Gifts, on which I'd not rely,
Shou'd *Charity* her friendly Aid deny.
Nay, tho' my Goods in Bounty I beſtow'd,
To ſerve the Poor, and give the Hungry Food;
Yielded my Body to the blazing Pile,
Yet, void of *Charity*, 'twou'd nought avail.
Charity is kind, and ſuffereth long.
She envieth not, nor in Self-pride's too ſtrong;
Unſeemly never doth her ſelf behave,
Seeks not her own, not to one Crime's a Slave:
Ne'er does Iniquity her Paſſions ſooth,
Her ſacred Pleaſures center all in *Truth*.
With Patience, Hope, and ſteady Faith ſhe's bleſs'd,
Enjoys her ſelf in ſuccouring the Diſtreſs'd.
Tongues, Prophecies, and Knowledge all ſhall fail,
But CHARITY for ever ſhall prevail.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Paris, Nov. 14. Our laſt Letters from Florence adviſe, that the great Duke of Tuſcany had ordered a great Road to be made from Florence to Parma, that Coaches may conveniently paſs between thoſe Places; and that the ſame was actually begun.---- Letters from Seville of 24 ult. adviſe, that the Infante Don Carlos proceeded on his Way to Italy by ſhort Journeys; that he lay the 20th at Carmona. That Prince is to be 47 Days going from Seville to Perpignan.

M. Moncourant formerly Pariſh Prieſt in the Dioceſe of Chalons, afterwards a Carthuſian Monk, and laſtly Pariſh Prieſt of Vitry le Brule, went away ſome time ago with Mademoiſelle de S. Ouen, a young Lady of Diſtinction, a Nun in the Royal Abbey of S. James; and we have ſince heard that they diſguiſed themſelves and retired to Geneva.

Nov. 12. They write from Clermontors, that 40 Houſes was burnt down their by Accident.

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They talk as if 20 Battallions and 15 Squadrons of Troops quarter'd in Alsace, have received Orders to prepare to march on the first Notice to the Frontiers of Dauphiny. Our Troops continue still working on the Fortifications of Metz and Thionville.

Frankfort, Nov. 10. The last Letters from Italy vary much, those from Leghorn insinuating, as if the Imperialists having attack'd the Rebels in their Entrenchments at Vescovado, they were beat off with the Loss of 2000 Men kill'd, among them a Nephew of the Duke de Doria, and 700 taken Prisoners; and those from Genoa giving great Hopes of an Accommodation.

Hague, Nov. 16. We learn from Warsaw, that his Polish Majesty arrived there 28th past, and had caused one Geisberg, said to be Baron of Chevenon, to be seized at Offenbach, and clapt into Irons, being accused of a Design to attempt the King's Life. It is confidently reported, that King Victor Amadeus has made his Escape from his Prison at Rixoli; and that he is fled into France.

Amsterdam, Nov. 16. They write from Moscow, that the Princess Prescovia, Sister to the Czarina died there the 19th past. And from Dresden, that the Electoral Princess of Saxony was lately delivered of a Princess the 4th Inst. who was baptized by the Name of Carolina.

LONDON, *Nov.* 20.

Letters from Newmarket say, that at the last Meeting Play was very deep; and that on Saturday and Sunday last about 16,000 l. was won by two Gentlemen of Figure. 'Two 'Gentlemen with 16,000 l. won partly on a 'Sunday, must necessarily make a Figure.

Col. Cosby, Gov. of the Leeward Islands, who was lately appointed by his Majesty Gov. of New-York, in the room of Gov. Montgomery, Deceased, is also appointed Vice Admiral of the Province of New-York.

On Thursday Night Henry Worsley, Esq; late Gov. of Barbadoes, arrived from that Island at Cowes in the Isle of Wight. He came from Barbadoes Sept. 21.

This Day the young Earl of Derwentwater (on whose Life an Estate of 16,000 l. per Ann. depends) was cut for the Stone by the famous Mr. Chiselden.

The Common Council of this City refusing to permit K. William's Statue to be erected in Cheapside, the Burrough of Southwark has undertaken to do it at St. Margaret's-Hill, to which End a Subscription began last Thursday and above 200 l. already collected.

Letters from Jamaica of about the middle of September, which came by the Levant, who arrived at Bristol the 13th Instant, mention that his Majesty's Sloop the Spence, Captain Swale, had taken a Spanish Guard la Costa; and on board her, found an Englishman newly murdered. And we are informed, that the Gosport Man of War, Capt. Duncan Drake, who is fitting out at Plymouth, is to carry fresh Instructions to Rear Admiral Stewart at Jamaica, for the more effectual preventing the Spaniards in America disturbing our Navigation, under Pretence of guarding their own Coasts, there being an Account lately receiv'd of 9 Sail fitted out, under that Denomination, from Cuba, Hispaniola, and Porto Rico.

Last Monday Night one Will. Steele, who made an Information before his Majesty's Principal Secretary of State, relating to a Barrel of Gunpowder being laid under a Bridge between Parsons Green and Sandy End, in order, as he said, to destroy his Majesty, in his Return from Hampton Court, was committed to Newgate by the Rt. Hon. the Lord Harrington, his Information appearing to be only an Artifice.

We see in the foreign Print, a Letter wrote to the Evangelical Body at Ratisbon by the poor Protestants at Saltzburg, wherein they represent melancholy Circumstances, particularly, that on the 27th of September a considerable Number of them were hauled out of their Beds at Midnight by the Soldiers; and on the 10th past 50 of them were sent away from their Families in Waggons to Jail, where they are closely confin'd with heavy Irons, and used with the utmost Cruelty.

Edinburgh, Nov. 1. On Friday last died in this City in the 74th Year of his Age, Sir Alexander Gilmore, of Craigmiller, Bart. He married a Sister of the Rt. Hon. the Lord Rose, and had Issue by her William lately deceased, and the now Sir Charles, and two Daughters.

Nov. 8. On Thursday last, the Lords of Justiciary sentenced James and William Caruthers to be transported to Jamaica, for seven Years, for deforcing some Officers of his Majesty's Revenue.

Dublin, Oct 30. On Tuesday last was found dead in his Bed, supposed of an Apoplexy, the Rt. Hon. Henry Pickburn, Baron Ferrand; and the next Night his Lordship was interred at S. Mary's in a very decent Manner. A few Days before also died Baron Pocklington, a Judge of his Majesty's Court of Exchequer in this Kingdom.

CHARLESTOWN, *March* 11.

The CAMELEON LOVER.

If what the *Curious* have observ'd be true,
That the *Cameleon* will assume the *Hue*
Of all the Objects that approach its *Touch*;
No Wonder then, that the *Amours* of *such*
Whose *Taste* betrays them to a close Embrace
With the *dark* Beauties of the *Sable* Race,
(Stain'd with the Tincture of the *Sooty* Sin,)
Imbibe the *Blackness* of their *Charmer's* Skin.

The following Lines were found written in the Window of Miss Fanny Braddock at Bath, of whose unhappy Self-Murther we took Notice in our *Gazette* No. 5.

Oh Death! thou pleasing End to human Woe:
Thou Cure for Life! thou greatest Good below!
Still may'st thou fly the Coward and the Slave,
And thy soft Slumbers only bless the Brave.

On reading of which a Gentleman burst out

O Dice! ye false Diverters of our Woe!
Ye waste of Life! ye greatest Curse below!
May ne'er good Sense again become your Slave,
Nor your false Charms allure and cheat the Brave.